THE MOTHER'S CHAIN; OR, THE BROKEN LINK.

BY EMMA MARSHALL,

Author of "Eaglehurst Towers," etc., etc.

"They could see without being seen." p. 66.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONGING IS GRATIFIED.

STRANGE things soon become familiar. Before a month had passed, Maggie felt as if she had been going to lectures, and writing papers, and attending Maude's lessons from various professors, for a year.

It was not quite as delightful as she had fancied, and of course she had double toil. For it was all very well to take Maude to the fountains of knowledge, and quite another thing to make her drink.

The papers she wrote for the professors at the college were childish, and showed neither thought nor ability—no, nor any wish to do better. Then the lessons on the violin and piano would end in a storm from Signor Crispi, Madame Pergolesi, and the rest. But the storm spent itself in words. None of the masters or mistresses wished to lose the honour of teaching the daughter of Lady Highmore, the author of a book seen on every drawing-room table that season; besides, large fees were a recompense and an inducement.

"It is picking of my lady's pocket," little Madame Pergolesi would say in confidence to Maggie. "She do not care; she will thump, thump, on wrong notes; she will take no pains—it is useless." But nevertheless the picking of my lady's pocket went on, and would go on indefinitely.

Then at last there came the long vacation, and now Maggie was supposed to be the tutor-governess indeed, and to go over the old ground of the past term.

"I am likely to pay a great many visits in the country, and I feel so much confidence in you, Miss Armytage, that I shall leave you with a perfectly easy mind with Maudie. I really do think you have been of use to her. I propose asking a dear old cousin of mine to stay here, and then in September you shall all go to the sea-side together. It will freshen you up for further study when the October term begins."

Just before the close of the season, the "dear old cousin" arrived to take up her duties as chaperone, and Maggie felt her homely, kind manner a great solace.

Before Lady Highmore left London there was an "at home," to which, as a special mark of favour, Maggie was invited.

"It is purely a literary gathering, Miss Armytage, and you will see a good many celebrities, and that will interest you; and, Miss Armytage, do keep a watch on dear Maudie and prevent her if possible from saying anything *very* extraordinary."

Maggie was all on the alert to behold the literary celebrities, and had raised her expectations to a high pitch. Of course in the party there were one or two who held the foremost place, and Maggie drew near a retired corner that she might listen to some edifying conversation between a lady, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and a gentleman who was, Maude said, one of the swells of the evening.

It all seemed the most frivolous gossip! and Maggie was surprised.

"Listen," Maude said, jogging Maggie, and in her usual rough manner. "Listen, how they are cutting up everyone. That's what those sort of people always do. I am glad I am a dunce! I would not be like them for anything. Here comes dear Percy!" and Maude was rushing across the room to attract her brother's attention, when Maggie stopped her.

"Wait till he finds you out, Maude; and see, he is talking to that lady. It is rude to interrupt him."

"Stuff!" said Maude; and then presently she said—

"What's the matter?" for Maggie's face was flushed with a sudden glow of pleasure as Lisa Barker's familiar figure came into the room, and she saw her bearing down to the corner where she sat with Maude.

She started up to greet her, but Lisa did not *seem* to see her—but surely she *did* see her—for there was a wave of recognition on her face as she turned it away.

The great lady of the evening, the author of a book which had made the sensation of the season, was the attraction, and Maggie saw Lisa, with all her sweetest smiles and blandishments, trying to edge in a few words in the conversation to which Maggie had been a listener, but she kept her face resolutely turned away from her "dearest friend." Maggie's quick instinct took in the situation at once.

"She will not care to know me amongst all these grand people," and a sharp thrill of pain shot through her loyal heart, such as only those who have loved as Maggie had loved and admired Lisa Barker, can know.

Her dark, lustrous eyes grew dim, and the great thirst for home and love was at that moment stronger than her thirst for knowledge, which had brought her to the place where she found herself.

At this moment Maude exclaimed, "Percy is coming to us! I knew he would." And Maude, this time unchecked, sprang to meet her brother.

"Well, Maude, here you are in the midst of fashion, talent, and beauty. How do you like it?"

"It's all nonsense, Percy, and Miss Armytage thinks so too. Don't you?" she said, appealing to Maggie.

"It is very amusing to watch the people," she said; and added, "it is all quite new to me. I have never seen a party like this before."

"You will see too many like it if you live here long enough. Look at them at the door, crowding and trying to get in! This is my mother's idea of enjoyment, I suppose. Is it yours?" he asked, turning a keen glance on Maggie.

"It's all very well for once; but——" and here she was interrupted by Lisa Barker, who, finding it hopeless to get more than an off-hand remark from the great lady, now turned her face towards Maggie and exclaimed—

"Such a crowd! I could not seek you before. How are you, dear?"

"You did not tell me you were coming to London," Maggie said, in a tone of reproval.

"Tell you, my dear; my movements are always unpremeditated. I must go and have a talk with Professor Leys; ta, ta. I'll come and have a good chat to-morrow."

Percy Highmore watched Lisa's retreat through the crowd, and saw the pained expression in the earnest face, so different in its crystal clearness from those of the greater part of the people about her.

But he made no remark, except to ask Maude whether she would not like to come and get an ice. And soon he was elbowing his way through the throng, with Miss Armytage on his arm, and Maude following, delighted by her brother's notice.

Then in a quiet corner Percy sat with his sister and her governess, where they could see without being seen, as a large palm and a Japanese curtain hung over the entrance to the conservatory.

"This is the London world; that is to say, an infinitesimal portion of that great world. What do you think of it?"

"I like to see it," Maggie said; "but somehow it is very disappointing. People do not look natural, but as if they were acting a part."

"So they are. You have hit the right nail on the head, but——Maude! another ice? your third! My dear child, you must be moderate," he said, laughing.

"Oh, Percy! I don't often get an ice; do I, Miss Armytage? Leave me in peace to enjoy it."

"It? Say them, rather," was her brother's reply. And then he went on with his conversation. "I am well accustomed," he was saying, "to another section of this great world. It does not lie far off, and I have been to one home there to-night. An 'at home' where the people for the most part looked happy."

Then he went on to tell Maggie, who was listening with her dark eyes kindling with enthusiasm, of that great sea of human life which is ever breaking against the brink of the gay and fashionable world, round which it lies. Of the misery and poverty and sin of a vast multitude, who hear no pleasant song, nor see the fair sight of God's creation, but all their dreary lives maintain a struggle for daily bread, if they are honest, and if they are dishonest, find it as best they can, with no thought of the means used to get it. Then he told Maggie of the bright spots shining out now on the dark and troubled sea. Of the oasis in the desert; of the shelter from the fierceness of the storm. He spoke of Mr. Charrington's work, in which he bore a part; and he described the "At Home" to which he had been before he arrived at De Vere Gardens. An evening for the people, and the recreation provided had always, as far as lay in the power of the promoters, an element for good in it. Then he spoke of Bible classes, and classes for useful knowledge, and added—

"The knowledge of God ought to be, and is, made of the first importance, for," Mr. Highmore said, "I do not believe in any reform, or any real uplifting of the great masses of the streets and alleys of this great city which has not for its lever the all-powerful gospel of Christ."

Much more Mr. Highmore said, and Maggie sighed out—

"How I should like to help such a work as that."

"Well," he said, "I think you have your work cut out for you here. My sister is improved already under your influence."

"Oh, I am so glad you think so," Maggie said. "I left home to try to improve myself, for I have had no education; I mean not the education which the girls of these times get. But," she hesitated, "I am not quite sure I have done right, for I left my mother with only a reluctant consent, and we were very happy at home; but we are poor, and I thought I could help by my salary, you know."

"That was a laudable motive," Mr. Highmore said.

"But it was not the chief motive," Maggie added, gently. "The real motive was a selfish one. I see it now."

The rooms were thinning now, and Maggie saw the gay crowd dissolving like the figures in a dream.

Lisa Barker was amongst the last to go, and as she tripped downstairs on the arm of a gentleman, Maggie, as she passed, heard the words—

"That dark-eyed girl? Oh! she is only Lady Highmore's governess."

Percy heard too, and a smile passed over his fine face, which had as much contempt as amusement in it.

But he said no more, and Maggie had presently parted from him and retired to her room with Maude.

She had been accustomed to such a quiet life that the noise, and the constant passing to and fro, and the lights, and the music, to which now she seemed to listen, made her head ache.

"I shall have to stay a year," she said, "and how long it seems. I have chosen my own way, and why should I grumble; but, oh! I never could have believed that Lisa would have treated me like this. 'Only the governess!' and she has professed to love me."

But the next day, when Lisa came into the study where Maude was sitting with Maggie, all the vexation vanished. Lisa threw her arms round her, called her darling, and said her letters had been so interesting, so full of life, and *so* original. Mr. Grey was delighted.

"Mr. Grey!" Maggie exclaimed. "Surely you did not show my letters to Mr. Grey."

"Oh! but I did. That is to say, I read him the most interesting part."

"How could you?" Maggie said, her face flushing with vexation.

"A mutual friend, dearie. Where is the harm?"

When Lisa was gone, Maude said—

"Miss Armytage, do you really like Miss Barker? I don't. I hate her."

"Come, Maude, do try to get rid of that word. You hate everything, somehow."

"Not everyone," the girl said, "for I love *you*."

This honest confession touched Maggie, and she said—

"Well, then, show it, by being careful with the answer to that second question on the paper, and leave me in peace to this proposition of Euclid."

(*Continued on page* 81.)

EARNEST WOMEN.

BY E. C. SUTTON.

It is the earnest, not the fussy and impulsive, women who leave those "footprints on the sands of time" which serve as tracks for the guidance of humanity, and bring about the most lasting results. In the woman of earnest purpose there is a tranquility, born of indomitable will, and a power of vitality most grateful and refreshing to all with whom she comes in contact. Her proximity is a guarantee of rest. Yet she is sublimely unconscious of her charm, so completely has she sunk her own personality in her love for the vocation she has set herself to follow. She may be bright, domestic and genial, but she has an aim which she silently nurses in her bosom, nurturing and fostering it with maternal solicitude in the fond and almost certain hope that it will one day reach maturity.

The woman of an earnest aim in life begins by taking keen scrutiny of the field of work upon which she is anxious to enter, calculating her chances of success, and deliberately casting aside every weight that may be likely to impede her progress, to clear the ground before her of every impediment that may stand in her way. She does not talk about the great things she means to accomplish; she acts. She lends, besides, an attentive ear to the suggestions of reason and common sense, experience having taught her the folly and danger of acting, off-hand, upon the treacherous impulses of a kindly nature. She recognises the necessity for being practical and thorough, for nowadays there is no room for incompetent pretenders to any sphere of work. A woman must do efficiently what she professes to do, or make up her mind to speedy discovery that she is a sham, and to consequent humiliation.

Be her purpose good or bad, a woman earnestly bent upon attaining it is invulnerable to defeat. She will assuredly gain her ends. Self-restraint and rigorous abnegation are the sandals with which her feet are shod; her steps are not hurried, but deliberate and tranquil; her eyes, blind to all seductions to tempt her from the destined path, are ever steadily fixed upon the light of her set purpose, shining straight ahead, and straight to this goal she will glide, with a constant and unswerving fidelity.

We prefer, however, to select our model from among the higher types of womanhood. She shall be one who, at a glance, perceives a noble channel of work in the common round of every-day life—one who, with joy and wonder, sees lying at her very door the rough diamond of Duty, the cutting and polishing of which she recognises it to be her privilege to undertake. Once having committed herself to the task she will perform it faithfully, finding compensation for the monotony of routine-work in the *skill* that practice brings to bear, which is the magnet most certain to attract the desired end—perfection.

A woman of this order is grandly self-effacing. She cares not to draw upon herself the gaze of the multitude. She shrinks from observation and does not court thanks. The secret spring of all her action is to be sought for in the inspirational words of Fichte: "*Let thine own ego—all that's mortal—die; then God alone lives in thy life's endeavour.*" Self-renunciation is the law that, all unknown to herself, controls her every act, compelling her to lay aside any passing fancy or caprice that is beyond the limits of her purpose, and moulding her earnest nature to the patient study of all these troublesome details which must be borne with in the furtherance of any great design.

It is not multiplicity of accomplishments that is sought for and expected now-a-days in woman. Perfection and thoroughness in any special line of work is now the recognised standard of aim. Let the earnest woman take this well to heart, and console herself with the reflection that she is doing more good in her generation by mastering every minute detail in one branch of culture or usefulness, than by squandering her energies at random over a larger area of acquirement. Superficiality is the natural outcome of centrifugal effort. Any deviation from concentric action must inevitably be detrimental to the fullest development of force. Suppose, for instance, a woman sees that her special

line of present duty lies in the making home happy and attractive to her busy husband and to her dependants; in the care, training, and culture of her children; she will, if she is one of the earnest order, see in the sacrifice of all her personal tastes, should they in any way tend to monopolise her time, the royal road to success. She may have strong leanings in the direction of literature, but these she will stoutly repress, putting before her higher self the conviction that her primary duty lies towards those whose lives she has, of her own free-will, taken, as it were, under her sheltering wing. She will be blest in her self-abnegation, and when the moment arrives in which she may, with a clear conscience, take up the all-absorbing pen, she will find how much she has strengthened her moral forces by the previous repression of her personal gratification, and that in the delay itself she has acquired an experience of life and its marvellous possibilities which now guarantees her from inaccurate work, failures and blunders innumerable.

To thousands of women of concentrated purpose has come the astonishing revelation that even their most generous impulses must frequently be repressed. Giving, at random, of their substance, reason assures them, is an unjustifiable act, since their indiscriminate open-handedness may prove a most formidable antagonist to the good they would do, by providing opportunities and means of indulgence in vice. Giving is in itself a responsibility and requires more painstaking scrutiny into the circumstances that elicit it than they may have time to devote. Thus, the earnest woman often sees herself compelled to depute others, whose especial vocation lies in this direction, to investigate on her behalf. The visiting of the poor, the sick, of almshouses and prisons, she is taught to understand lies outside her especial province, and she bows to the wisdom that advises her to keep strictly within the bounds of her own vocation, knowing that, in doing her duty in this with all her might, she is most surely *benefiting humanity* and *glorifying her God*. Such a woman, by her consistent life, proves her earnestness, her oneness of aim. She strengthens herself mightily by the daily discipline of self-control and prayerful communing, before she begins her work, with the Divine within, that rules her individuality. With the obedience of a subaltern in the army, she submits to a daily, regular *drill* in the patience, endurance, diligence, and concentric application that will infallibly bring to her triumph over every difficulty and land her on the golden shore of success.

The head must work with the heart, reason must counsel the affections, if we earnestly desire that our lives and actions shall benefit mankind. Love must be the foundation of all effort for human weal, whether the scale be large or small; system, method, organisation, and a perseverance that nothing can daunt must complete the edifice. The builders must bring to their task muscles and sinews nerved with an iron will, and a straightforwardness of mind lightened with a cheerful courage that sings even while it wields the ponderous hammer of daily toil, or regulates with the utmost nicety of precision the daintiest movements of the chisel in the sculpturing of the more ornamental frieze.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

THERE was mourning in the home:
Empty was a tiny bed;
Little feet no more would come,
Like sweet music overhead;
Merry laugh of childhood pealing
Came no longer, softly stealing;
Hope and sunshine had forsaken,
For the one wee lamb was taken.

Oh, how longed that mother-heart
For the child that passed away!
Often would she hush and start,
Thinking, dreaming, night and day,
That her little child was calling,
That the lispèd prayer was falling;
But she woke anew to weeping,
For her one white lamb was sleeping.

And the father little showed
Of the anguish all untold,
But the tears in secret flowed
For those sunny curls of gold,
For his rosebud and his treasure,
Filling all his days with pleasure,
For the light and comfort banished
With that little maiden vanished.

Yet His balm the Master gave:
Once they saw, 'mid pastures green,
How across the river wave,
Flowing dewy banks between,
Passed a shepherd, gently holding
One white lamb, and safely folding,
With a touch of tender caring,
That wee life his arms were bearing.

For the flock that stream must pass,
Yet they wandering turned aside,
Lingered 'mid the waving grass,
Trembled from the waiting tide;
Till his arms that wee lamb lifted
Where the quiet waters drifted,
Placed it where the flowers were blowing,
O'er the tide so coldly flowing.

Then the mother-sheep plunged in
With a little plaintive cry,
Swam across her lamb to win,
Till her treasure she drew nigh;
And the flock all left their feeding,
Followed on where she was leading,
Followed all, the waters breasting,
That wee lamb 'mid daisies resting.

And the parents' hearts grew still:
"Christ," they said, "is Shepherd true;
He, through waters dim and chill,
Bore our lamb to pastures new.
He who first was gracious Giver
Bore our white lamb o'er the river,
That our souls no more we sever
From the Home that folds her ever."

MARGARET HAYCRAFT.

"Passed a shepherd, gently holding one white lamb."

THRIFTY COOKERY.

BY GINA JONES.

SOUPS.

A SPECIAL point insisted upon during a cookery training is the consideration of climate or of season in the arrangement of the daily fare for ourselves and others. This, as well as the nutrient substances present in a food, the age, state of health, and occupation of the individual, and the proper preparation and cooking of food, are matters not to be overlooked even in the most frugal and humble diet, and it is worthy of remark how much more general is the obedience to these laws of science than might have been supposed, this obedience having arisen from natural taste and instinct long before "the reason why" was sought for.

In advocating the use of soups in wintry weather, I would advise the use of thick soups and purées in economical dietaries, and prominently must be placed the soups made with the various pulse—peas, beans and lentils; and next I would name milk soup. These form a most useful and nourishing variety of soups. The pulse require long and slow boiling to make them agreeable food, and it is well to soak them in plenty of cold water, having a small bit of soda in it, for several hours previous to the cooking.

Lentils are the most readily cooked of the pulse, and while they are extremely nourishing are more easily digested than either peas or beans.

The following is a plain and easy mode of making

Lentil Soup.—Half-pint of red lentils, ½ oz. of rice, a small carrot and turnip, 2 onions, 1 oz. dripping, a piece of celery, a medium-sized potato, 2 quarts of water, and salt and pepper. Wash the vegetables, cut them up, and fry them slightly in the dripping. Wash the lentils well also in several waters, then put them with the vegetables into two quarts of water, stir occasionally, and remove the scum; put in the rice and boil slowly for two hours. Pass the soup through a wire sieve, rubbing the vegetables through, and seasoning; warm the soup, stirring it all the time, but do not allow it to boil.

The soup made with haricot beans is nice, though not in such general use as that made with lentils. Soak a pint of haricots in cold water all night, and then put them with two quarts of cold water, two sliced onions, and a little celery, into a saucepan, and cook slowly for four hours, until the beans are tender; strain the soup, rub the beans through the sieve, pour in 1½ pints of milk, and season to taste with salt and pepper; stir carefully while it is warming. This soup may be greatly improved by the addition of a small piece of butter, rubbed in with a tablespoonful of flour, put in before the soup is strained.

Milk Soup is much liked by children. There are various ways of preparing such; the following recipe answers nicely for a plain soup:—Wash, peel and cut up 2 lbs. potatoes; put these into a saucepan with three onions peeled and sliced, and 1 oz. of butter and a piece of celery; boil these in two quarts of water, and while the soup is boiling put three tablespoonfuls of tapioca or semolina to soak in 1½ pints of milk; pass the soup through a sieve as soon as the vegetables are soft; then put in the milk and tapioca, seasoning, and boil the soup again until the tapioca is quite clear.

Rice, used judiciously, is a valuable article of food. It possesses a granule of a particularly digestible form, and used in conjunction with milk, or any food rich in fat and nitrogenous matters, does good service to young and old, and in some cases of illness and during convalescence it is almost invaluable.

Purée of Rice.—Wash ¼ lb. of rice and boil it in 1½ quarts of well flavoured white stock, strain through a hair sieve, and add 1 oz. of butter mixed with 1 oz. of flour and a pint of milk, a bay leaf, a blade of mace, salt and pepper; stir the soup over the fire until it boils, then pour it through a coarse gravy strainer into the tureen.

The stock for this soup should be well flavoured with vegetables.

Of the thin variety, gravy soup will always hold the first position; but it is expensive and troublesome to make, care and experience being required to secure the proper clearness of the liquid without interfering with the strength and flavour of meat which should be its characteristic. A very fair substitute may be made by the use of the meat extracts, flavoured.

Cut up a small carrot, half a turnip, a piece of celery, boil them in a quart of water together with an onion and a small bunch of sweet herbs and a bay-leaf for half an hour; then put in a dessertspoonful of meat extract (Liebig's or Bovril), mixed with a teaspoonful of arrowroot and a little cold water; stir the soup for a few minutes, allowing it to boil; add seasoning, and strain into a tureen. This soup is further improved by having some nicely-shredded carrot and turnip served in it, these vegetables having been boiled separately.

Another soup, which is deserving of more notice than it obtains, is cabbage soup. It is easily made, and much liked by people who are not prejudiced by the name. It may be made in the following manner:—Take two nice summer cabbages, remove the outside leaves, wash the cabbages very well, cut them in quarters, and put them into a saucepan, with an ounce of butter, two quarts of boiling water, a piece of nice bacon-rind, and a few spices and sweet herbs tied in muslin, also a small onion cut up finely; boil for an hour, then take out the bag of spice and put in one pint of milk, salt and pepper to taste; allow the soup to boil. Put into the tureen plenty of toasted bread cut up into dice, and pour the soup over it. The skin of ham and bacon, so frequently thrown away in this country as useless, is very good eating in soup when it has been nicely cleaned and boiled tender; and even when there is not sufficient time to boil it tender, it is excellent for flavouring.

Onion Soup.—A simple kind of soup, and one that may be prepared as a *maigre* soup, is made principally with onions. Slice two Spanish onions, or four large English onions, and put them into a saucepan with two ounces of butter; cook them for a short time in the butter, but do not allow them to brown; then pour in three pints of boiling water, salt and pepper, and cook until the onions are perfectly soft; mix a tablespoonful of flour with half-a-pint of milk; stir while the soup boils. Have some toasted bread put into the tureen, and pour the soup over it. A very little grated cheese may be thrown into the soup before serving it. It need hardly be remarked, perhaps, that the soups named as *maigre*, are improved by using broth instead of water.

Fish Soup is now in favour, and not without reason. It is inexpensive, and forms a pleasant variety. It may be made from the bones of any small white fish, boiled with very little vegetable in the water, but the soup is nicer for having a little of the flesh of the fish also in it. Thus, remove the fillets from a sole or from two whiting, cut them

into pieces (not very small), put the trimmings and the bones into a saucepan with one quart of water, an onion, a piece of celery, a bay leaf, and some spice, such as two or three cloves, a blade of mace, and a few white pepper-corns crushed, and salt; boil about an hour and a-half, strain, put the soup back into the saucepan, add to it a pint of milk and three tablespoonfuls of flour worked into two ounces of butter, stir until it boils, put in the pieces of fish, cook them in the soup, and throw in a very little chopped parsley just before serving. A very good Mulligatawny may be made with the stock from fish. Put the fish, or fish trimmings, after well washing the same, into a saucepan with an ounce of butter or fat, a couple of onions, and an apple; toss the fish in the fat for a few minutes, then add three pints of water, a carrot, turnip, a bunch of herbs, and some salt. Mix a tablespoonful of curry-powder and the same quantity of flour with a gill of cold water; turn this into the soup, and boil until the vegetables are tender. Pass the soup through a sieve, warm up, and serve boiled rice with it. A few drops of lemon-juice or of vinegar may be added just before serving.

Sweet Soups, and soups prepared from fruit, are made in many parts of the Continent, especially in Germany; these, although not exactly suited to English tastes, are undoubtedly wholesome and nutritious.

My remarks at the commencement of this paper with reference to thick soups, applied to the consideration of soup where used as a meal; but in cases where soup is only the first course of a large dinner, thin soups are the most suitable and pleasant to partake of.

Although the reproach that Englishwomen do not endeavour to prepare good and wholesome soups as the French do, is not so applicable in the present day as it was a few years ago, we have yet to persevere in our endeavours to make the best possible use of everything, and waste nothing that can be turned to account. All householders who have once learnt the value of the stock-pot, would be sorry to be without one.

BEING AND DOING.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL,

Author of "An Auntie's Notions about Children," etc., etc.

It is uttering a truism to say that this is the age of *sham*. Few things are, really and truly, what they represent. Gold that has not the smallest particle of gold in it, leather that shows but the surface grain of leather, silk that is some clever preparation of cotton, and stone that is only stucco, come the most readily of a score of illustrations that one might meet with in a single half-hour's walk. We have become resigned to it; the universal make-believe has to a certain extent defeated itself, and we are not for a moment taken in by the outside appearance of half the things we see.

But I wonder how many of us ever seriously consider for our own benefit and that of those whose education may lie in our hands, how common, how widespread, is the *character-shamming* of daily social life? Any who have done so cannot but be appalled by the ease with which the most honest-meaning of us slide into small hypocrisies, and how heedlessly we teach the same to children.

That "sending of love," what nonsense it often is! A mere form of words, an empty compliment. Mrs. Brown has seen Mrs. Jones twice, and meeting a relative of the latter when walking in the street one day, must of course say sweetly, "Be sure and give my love to Mrs. Jones!" Lily, by her mother's side, recollects that, not two hours before, mamma remarked to papa that she couldn't "see much in that Mrs. Jones, that the Smiths should seem so fond of her!" It is "love" here, "kind love" there, "much love" everywhere. And perhaps it would not trouble us greatly to know that we should never meet the recipients of it again. In nine cases out of ten the old-fashioned "kind regards" would serve all purposes of politeness and express the utmost of the cordial feeling we entertain.

Then, again, how do we praise and affect to admire the work, or singing, or house-keeping of some one upon whom we call, and, arrived at home, proceed to find more or less fault with nearly everything over which we were "gushing" not half an hour before. The excuse that we do it to give pleasure by no means exonerates us. Truth must come before all. And although it is right to cherish a spirit of love (evidenced by actions rather than a glib and frequent utterance of the word), and to avoid wounding by crude criticisms the feelings of those about us, sincerity surely demands that our actual sentiments shall at all times measure the warmth of our speech.

Besides such hypocrisies as these taught to the young by example, another is sedulously promulgated among them by the encouragement of "company manners." "How wrong of you, Tommy, to come bouncing into the room like that *when Mr. So-and-So was here!*" Well, either the bouncing referred to was really wrong, or it was not. If it were an act of rudeness or carelessness, then it would have been equally deserving of reproof had mother or father been quite alone. "I am surprised at you, Julia, showing off your temper *before Mrs. Blank!*" As though the presence or absence of anybody could make such an exhibition either better or worse. But that such teaching as the above widely prevails, and produces the desired impression upon children's minds, is proved by the fact that so many of them behave quite differently in the presence of strangers from the way in which they do when with those they know well. I am not going to say that the unnatural primness frequently exhibited in the former case should be the constant rule of behaviour, for it is usually overdone; but it is the hypocrisy of it that I most condemn. But a child who is taught always to *be* good is not likely to *do* anything disgraceful either in company or out of it.

Again, in the matter of naughtiness which demands apology to some one, what a grave mistake it surely is to either bribe or threaten a child into expressing contrition which he does not feel! I confess I cannot but admire the boy who will say bluntly, knowing that his punishment will be prolonged thereby, "I'm not sorry, and I'm not going to say I am!" If you can get him, by putting the case in its proper light, to see for himself how wrong his conduct has been and *be* genuinely repentant, the expression of it, with judicious management, will naturally follow. Otherwise

better let him remain a rebel than become a hypocrite. It is an error of the same nature to compel children who have quarrelled to "kiss and be friends," while their cheeks are still hot with anger, and resentment is burning within. Wait until the passion has cooled and gentler feelings supervene; then, if tenderness and magnanimity can be awakened, a genuine desire for reconciliation will inspire the kiss of peace; but don't—*don't* make little Judases of them, even if the feud should last for days. Incalculable harm is done to children's sincerity of character for life, I feel sure, by the early forcing of expression of one sort and another that has no spring within.

Allied to the above is the habit, far too popular, of extracting from the young premature declarations of religious sentiment. "Do you love Jesus?" is the favourite formula to start with, and what can the little creature thus buttonholed do but answer "Yes!" though it may so far have no conscious feeling whatever on the subject. Other queries of a like nature follow, and they must all be replied to with the proper affirmative or negative, as the case may be, or the grave surprise and uplifted eyebrows of sad concern will be brought into play to make the small victim feel like a reprobate; and evidence, as it is regarded, of full-blooming piety is thus squeezed out, while possibly the actual sprout is not yet showing above ground. The flower does not produce the root, but the root the flower; and compelling from young people the words and works of religion—the religious phrases, the missionary contributions, and the Dorcas sewing—will not make youthful Christians of them, any more than assiduous attention to their outward behaviour will ensure their being good girls and boys. But hypocrisy, which is simply *doing* without *being*, will be greatly fostered thereby.

Nothing short of going back to the source of action and dealing with motives will, either in ourselves or others, be of any real use in the formation of character. Let nothing superficial satisfy us; no amount of external gloss and finish be thought worthy of a moment's care, save as the faithful indication of what is within. Let us be loving before we "send love;" let our courtesy be the natural expression of a kindly desire for others' comfort and welfare; let our outward religious life follow and not precede, still less be a substitute for the life within; and let us train the young folks under our care ever in this, the only honest fashion. Truly praying, each and all, "Create in me a *clean heart*, O God, and renew a *right spirit* within me."

AS HIGH AS HIS MOTHER'S HEART.

BY MRS. L. G. MCVEAN.

Close by the open door she stands,
Tall and slender, erect and fair;
Her baby climbs, with dimpled hands,
And mounts beside her a stately chair.

Grasping her garment's silken fold,
He laughs, with wild-rose lips apart;
His head, all crowned with curling gold,
Comes just as high as his mother's heart.

Beautiful boy! though you win through life,
Wisdom and honour, wealth and art,
You will never reach, in this world of strife,
To a higher place than your mother's heart.

THE ART OF NURSING.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE,

Author of "Semi-Detached," etc., etc.

III.—The Patient.

The bed in which the patient lies may be well appointed, and have the best of mattresses, etc., be placed in the most advisable position in the room, and yet be most uncomfortable. So much of the sick person's comfort depends upon the bed in which he has to spend so many weary and suffering hours, that you cannot be too careful in its arrangement.

The under sheet on which the patient lies should always be kept perfectly smooth and free from any crumbs. Wrinkles in the sheet or crumbs are annoying to the sufferer, and the result often is that bed-sores come, and these latter tell the tale of bad and careless nursing. Soiled or wet sheets also are effectual means of giving rise to them.

You should tidy a patient's bed and put it straight every day, and in general cases you should strip off the bed-clothes—covering your patient well meanwhile with blankets—and allow air to get to them. Sometimes, of course, this cannot be done, but where possible it greatly adds to the freshness of the bed and consequent comfort of the patient.

When you are re-making a bed do not let the bed-clothes lie about on the floor, but place them on chairs or anywhere where they can have air and not get soiled.

"As High as his Mother's Heart."

It is a good plan in case of a long illness to have a second bed upon which you can lay the patient while his own is being thoroughly re-made.

Move the spare bed close up to the side of the patient, and then three people can easily lift the person into it. Take the sheet by the corners and slowly and gently lift it, removing it after the patient has been in the fresh bed for a little time.

Two methods of changing sheets have been advised by a doctor writing on the subject, and I cannot do better than quote his words. After having the fresh sheets thoroughly aired, proceed as follows:—

"You roll up lengthways the soiled sheet one side of the patient, and push it as far as possible under his side; now roll up the clean sheet, and place the roll next to the other, and by gently turning your patient over both rolls, and taking away the dirty sheet, and unfolding the clean one, you have only to turn your patient back again, and the otherwise tedious business is accomplished. The other method is this:—You raise your patient into a sitting posture, if possible, and roll the soiled sheet from the head of the bed downwards as far as possible; you now roll up the clean one crosswise, and placing it next to the other roll you lay your patient down again, and by raising the lower extremities you are enabled to pull down both sheets. The dirty one is removed, and the clean one spread out and neatly tucked under the mattress, and your patient is soon again comfortable. If the sick person be too weak to sit up and allow this to be done, you must follow out the same plan by simply raising the head and shoulders gently, and sliding your two rolls of sheets under the back, and then again gently raising the hips, and lastly the legs, and so get the soiled sheet away and the clean one down and in its place."

Bed-sores can be prevented by keeping, as I have said, the bed dry and smooth, and there are various other things necessary if these troublesome sores are to be kept off.

Perfect cleanliness of the patient is one of the greatest safeguards. The hands, arms, armpits, face, and neck should be washed every day with soap and water, the feet at least twice a week. Unless the doctor forbids it, the entire body of the patient should be washed once a week. When you are going to wash your patient, have everything ready before you begin. Few things are more annoying to a sick person than to have the nurse go away to fetch soap or towel in the middle of the process. Do not expose more than one portion of the body at a time, and dry what you have washed with a warm towel, rubbing the part gently but thoroughly. The thorough washing of an invalid is most refreshing to him, and often after hours of restlessness a nice sleep comes as a result.

The weaker a person is, and the more helpless, the greater is the chance of bed-sores. In paralysis they often come because the helpless patient as he lies in bed does not feel pain from the pressure on the part where they are forming, the vitality of the skin in these cases being greatly lowered; and the lower part of the back and the projections over each hip joint are where they are oftenest to be found. Therefore a nurse should watch carefully, and not wait until the patient complains. The signs are a blush of redness on the skin, and if this is neglected, then the part becomes swollen or puffy, the redness changing to purple. Then the actual sore is soon formed, but a careful nurse will anticipate and prevent it. This can be done by washing the parts where there is any pressure—and in thin people this is more than ever to be carefully done—with soap and water every night and morning, drying them very thoroughly. Rub the skin with some form of spirit—eau-de-cologne, or saturated solution of alum; or common methylated spirits of wine, excepting that the odour of it would annoy some people, is excellent for hardening the skin. Dust the place with oxide of zinc powder.

Remember all these things are for *preventing* bed-sores. Once the sore has come, you should let the doctor see it, but zinc ointment is a safe and effectual remedy. A water-bed or water-pillow under the place is a great relief, and a circular cushion with a hole in the centre, which you can easily make out of old linen stuffed with cotton wool, is also comfortable. To relieve pressure, cotton wool can be used, and is a good preventive of sores.

In trying to lift a helpless patient, note that he should be lifted, and not dragged. To move a perfectly helpless person is somewhat difficult, but it can by managed by two persons, who take their stand one at each side of the bed. They should be about opposite to the waist of the patient, and, stooping down, should join their hands that are towards the foot of the bed under the middle part of the thighs. Their other hands should be behind the back of the patient, and in this manner he can be easily lifted, moved, or carried.

If a sick person is strong enough to give some assistance himself, he can be moved very easily if the nurse leans over him and he clasps his arms round her neck. Another good way is to drag the sheet on which he is placed, and as you drag it up towards the top of the bed replace it by another.

Always arrange the pillows so that the head is raised and the lungs allowed full action. When you are propping up a patient in bed, see that a pillow is well placed in the small of the back.

When a patient is suffering from lung disease of any kind, chills are most carefully to be avoided, and if he has been sitting up, warm the pillows before he returns to bed, and roll him in blankets, which can be withdrawn after a few minutes.

There are some rules ever to be observed when changing the body linen of a patient. This should be done once a week at the very least.

Do not begin to change the linen until everything is well aired and quite ready, and see that there is no draught on the patient from window or door.

The patient should not be moved or uncovered more than is absolutely necessary, and, without letting him tire himself too much, let him always do such things as your common sense tells you he can best do for himself.

Slip the patient's arms out of the nightdress sleeves, and slip the fresh one over his head, drawing down the one first in use by the feet. In cases of paralysis or great weakness it is best to cut the nightdress down the back and sew some strings on it by which it can be fastened. The strings should be small, for wide tape tied into hard knots will only make hard knots for him to lie down upon, and not by any means add to his comfort. When you want to change it, slip out one arm and put on one sleeve of the fresh night-gown, slipping off the soiled one first.

If flannel shirts are in use, then slip the flannel sleeves inside the others, and so put the two on at once.

The hair of your patient should be carefully combed every morning and evening, a proper circulation of air being needful around the roots of the hair, and this preserves the head in the coolness which is so desirable.

If a patient is delirious, be very careful not to be rough, but be firm, and do not let him fancy that you are afraid of him. Never argue with him, and do not contradict any assertions he may make. Try, if possible, to appear interested in his conversation, however ridiculous it may be. The lower part of the windows should be carefully fastened, and you should not leave knives or scissors, or anything by which he could hurt himself, within the patient's reach. You should never be alone with a delirious patient unless there is some one who can come to your assistance the very moment that you require it. Delirious people are often very strong and inclined to do the most extraordinary things, so that to be alone with them is dangerous and unwise.

When people are convalescent, they are often very apt to catch cold unless every precaution is taken. A blanket should be thrown over the sofa or easy chair, and when the patient is seated wrap it round him and see that he is warm. Do not, however, place him close to a large fire unless you put a screen between him and it.

If the patient wants to read, place the book, if he is too weak to hold it, so that he can see it easily, and a leaden weight—a few coppers covered with anything will serve the purpose—to keep the leaves open.

It almost seems as if it were superfluous to say that you should never hum or sing in a sick room, but many people do these things, like many others, from sheer habit and want of thought, so that the hint is, perhaps, after all necessary. Trifles are never to be despised, and in nursing it is often the small things that tell for or against the comfort and well-being of the patient. "Nothing," says some thinker, "is small in a great work," and the work of nursing is an art and a great work besides, and one that can indeed be done to the greater glory of God.

While repeating the injunction that in illness it is best that one person should be responsible for the sick room and its inhabitant, I must add one word about monopolising the entire work. This is not necessary, and while you take all charge and responsibility, yet you should allow others in the house to feel that they are doing their share. This you can manage with tact, and it spares those who suffer much from feeling so helpless while longing to render some service to the patient. Let one do an errand, another arrange the flowers, a third make some little delicacy, a fourth take a turn with you in watching, so that all may feel themselves of use.

A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

BY FAITH CHILTERN.

"No, I've no money to waste on magazines, I tell you. Your school pence run up enough, without any more."

"But, mother, it is so pretty, and ever so many of the children in our class are going to take it in. Teacher says she should like us all to have it."

"Then your teacher must give you the money, for I sha'n't!" and the mother's face expressed some vexation.

"It is only a penny a month," said the little pleader, wistfully.

"Perhaps so; but I have no pennies to spare for it."

Tears were in the eyes of the little boy.

"We never have any nice books and papers like other people," he said. "Do let me have it for just one year, mother!"

"Yes, and that would mean a shilling thrown away. For what use would the book be when you had once read it? I warrant it would be torn up before you had it a week."

"No; I shouldn't tear it. I would keep every month's nice and clean."

"And then want them bound at the end of the year! No; I get you all good food and clothes, Clement, and that is all I can do. I have no notion of all the money spent on magazines and such trash now-a-days. I did without them when I was young, and I don't see why young people can't now. They only help make them dissatisfied, and get ideas into their heads they would be far better without."

"Teacher says we want our minds fed as well as our bodies," persisted the boy, "and that if we learn to read and like good books now, it will be a help to us all our life; she told us so in class. She says it is only bad books do harm, and she is sure this is nice."

"Nice or not nice, you can't have it, so that's it and all about it," said the mother. "Now, don't be a baby and cry," she added, seeing the lips quiver and the bright eyes fill with tears. "If it was anything necessary I shouldn't say you no, but it isn't, that I can see. Here, pick my cotton up for me. See! I have been hard at work for you all the afternoon. Isn't that pretty, now? There are not many little boys will have such a nice dress;" and she held up to view a little jacket which she had been elaborately trimming with braid and buttons.

Clement looked at it, and for a moment his face brightened.

"Oh, my!" he exclaimed, "sha'n't I be smart?" But then he asked, "Didn't it cost a lot?"

"More than you are worth," she said, laughingly.

He passed his hand over the smooth, black cloth, and in and out of the twining braid, but his gaze of admiration presently changed to one of thoughtfulness, and he heaved a sigh.

"What is that for?" asked his mother.

"What?"

"Why, that sigh. Don't you like it?"

"Yes, it's first-rate; but," he added, "I wish I could have other nice things too."

"Well, you are never satisfied. I suppose, though, you are afraid I am not going to trim your knickerbockers like it, but you needn't be. I haven't enough braid here, I know, but I can easily match it, and with your new hat and gloves you'll look quite like a young gent. People can't say I don't keep you nice, I am sure, though nobody guesses the trouble and expense it is; but I don't mind that!" And she broke her cotton off and folded her work with the air of one well satisfied with herself.

"There," she said; "you may carry that into the parlour, and put it on the side table—that is, if your boots are nice and clean."

"Yes, I rubbed them well," and he held up one foot for her inspection.

"That's right. Be sure you don't touch anything in there, now, and shut the door after you."

"Couldn't we have a bit of fire in the parlour, mother,

and sit in there a little to-night?" asked a trim girl of about fourteen, who had just come downstairs, and now began to get the tea ready.

"No; what for?" and the mother frowned.

"Only we're so full in this little place, and Ebb grumbles so. He says there isn't room to move, and no more there is hardly, especially before the little ones are gone to bed."

"Well, I can't help it. I have to put up with it, and so must Ebb, Leah. I can't have the parlour used, and very likely the things spoilt. Think what it cost for that carpet, and if we were all to be in there, in a few weeks it would be hardly fit to look at, and I like to have things nice when people drop in."

Leah said no more, but began to arrange the cups and plates, while the mother went to the door and called three younger ones in from play, giving them various injunctions not to make a mess and to sit quiet, while shortly afterwards the father and eldest son made their appearance, and the evening meal began.

But tea-time was not generally the happy season of reunion and social intercourse with the Nortons that it should have been, and this meal did not proceed very pleasantly.

"That is my seat; I am going to sit there!" exclaimed Ada, a pretty, plump little maiden of six or seven, pushing her youngest brother, Reuben, from the chair in which he was establishing himself.

"No, I shall have it; I got it first. You must sit on the stool by the fire."

"I sha'n't. I sat there last night, and I don't see why I shouldn't come to the table as well as you," retaliated Reuben.

"You know there isn't room for us all."

"Yes, there is; at least, there would be if Ebb and all of you weren't so greedy over the room. I could push my chair in between Ebb and Leah."

"No, that you won't," said Ebb, quickly. "There isn't elbow-room here now."

But Reuben was not to be daunted, and although the mother said, "Come! come!" as she poured out the tea, and Leah bade him sit down and not be silly, he still persisted, and a quarrel ensued between him and Ada, and in the scuffle a cup of tea was spilt on the clean white table-cloth.

This catastrophe brought the children to their senses in a moment, and drew down a torrent of reproaches from the mother, for to break or soil anything was treated as a heinous fault in the Norton family.

"You careless, good-for-nothing little things," she cried, boxing the ears of each in turn, "I have a good mind to send you to bed this minute without a bit or drop of anything. There! get away from the table, for neither of you shall sit here now. One had need have eyes all round one." And she proceeded to her task of remedying the mischief done with a worried, angry expression of countenance, while the two culprits slowly retired to the despised seats beyond the reach of the table, Ada crying and sulkily refusing to have anything either to eat or drink, for she felt herself a very hardly used little girl.

"This all comes of being huddled up so," said Ebb, with no very pleasant look. "The youngsters ought to have their tea first and be in bed when we get home, if we must always have it in this bit of a kitchen."

"Where would you have it, I should like to know?" asked Mrs. Norton, in a tone of displeasure. "I suppose you are wanting now to have your meals in the other room, and have tea spilt on that table, but you are not going to; not while I am mistress here, anyhow."

"No, no, mother. Come, Ebb, finish your tea, and don't let us have any more bothers about anything," interrupted the father, who was a good-natured, easy-going man, and, if he did not fully approve of all his wife's domestic arrangements, seldom attempted to gainsay or set them aside. "A good many would be only too thankful for such a snug little place as this," he added.

After this the meal proceeded without much further discord, and the faces of all, excepting Ada, gradually cleared, while there was some attempt at conversation.

"Going with me to the concert to-morrow night, Lea?" asked Ebb, presently, when the cloth was removed and they were preparing to settle down for the evening.

"I don't know. I didn't know there was a concert. Where is it?"

"In the schoolroom at Marshton; a grand affair, I am told. I think of going, and I'll treat you, if you like."

"Oh, I should like to go."

"Take me too," said Clement.

"Yes, and me," cried Reuben, who had quite recovered his good temper, for he sooner forgot his grievances than did Ada hers.

"What's that?" asked the mother, as she came in with her work-box.

"A concert," answered Clement. "We may go with Ebb, mayn't we, mother?"

"Nonsense! I hope Ebb won't put that into your heads. What do children like you want at a concert?"

"No, you can't go," said Ebb, "and it isn't for children, but I'll take Leah if she can go."

Leah looked at her mother. She could not go without her permission.

"How much is it?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"A shilling, I believe."

"A shilling to sit and listen to a bit of singing; a sheer waste of money! You had better keep your shilling in your pocket, Ebb, both for yourself and for Leah."

"But it's only once in a way. We can't have a concert every day."

"Well, of course, you must please yourself about going, and now you are earning money must spend it as you please; but I don't approve of such squandering. As to Leah, she knows I couldn't spare her. Why, there are some of your father's shirts to finish before Sunday, besides Ada's new frock and Clement's things; we shall both have our hands full as it is."

"It would be only one evening," pleaded Leah. "I could make up, mother."

"I dare say, but I am not going to have you go gadding about in the evening."

"But I should be with Ebb."

"That doesn't matter; I can't have you go, so don't say any more about it. I don't see the use of concerts. I am sure we get singing quite good enough for me at church, and if those things are to be finished there won't be any time to sit with your hands before you; I don't believe you have finished the crochet work you began yet, for the neck."

"Oh, it would do very well without that," returned Leah; "and I should enjoy the concert, I know. I am so fond of music."

"Never mind, Leah," said Ebb. "I am sorry you can't go, but don't fret. You shall have plenty of music when I have bought my new instrument."

"Yes; it's first rate," he added. "I wish I could have other nice things, too."

"What's that? Oh, Ebb! what are you going to buy?" cried the children.

"Only a harmonium; I saw one for sale the other day—a beauty."

"But where is it to be kept?" inquired Clement.

"I don't know; I should think it would just stand along under the window in the other room; only the sofa would have to be moved. Charlie Marshall has promised to come and give me some lessons."

"And I suppose you think you are going to take possession of the parlour for that?" spoke up Mrs. Norton; "and you will bring in whoever you please to turn things topsy-turvy and wear the carpet and everything out. If you do you are very much mistaken. I never saw anything like it."

Ebb's temper rose. "I never saw anything like this," he said. "I should like to know what's the use of keeping a room shut up from week's end to week's end, and a fellow not daring to look or step inside. We may as well not have one at all."

"I know what it would be if we did use it, not fit to be seen, and it does look nice enough now to ask anybody in."

"But, my dear, the harmonium wouldn't hurt, would it?

And it would amuse these young folks and be a handsome piece of furniture," observed her husband.

"If 'twas only a piece of furniture; but you know nothing about it, Robert. I can see very well how it would be. If we have the harmonium, Ebb, and all these others, besides young Marshall and anybody else he might choose to bring, would want to be in there evening after evening; and then there would want to be a fire in case the damp should spoil it, and with one thing and another there would pretty soon be an end to having a parlour. No, if he wants a harmonium he must have it in here."

"Yes, much room there would be for it here," said Ebb, sarcastically, "and much chance to practise either. But never mind; perhaps I shall have a house of my own some day, and then I shall be able to do as I like."

"I don't know so much about that," said the father, with a peculiar smile, while the mother stitched away with a rather aggrieved look, and the little ones played around.

But it was not long before there was a fresh cause of disturbance, for Ebb, going to reach one of the few books from the shelf in the corner, accidentally stepped on Reuben's foot, and a loud outcry was the result.

"You have nearly killed me, you have! You must have seen I was there!" screamed Reuben.

"Dear, dear!" said the mother, irritably, "there is always something the matter. I do wish, Ebb, you would be more careful with the children, though, and look where you are going."

"Who can help treading upon anybody, I should like to know?" exclaimed Ebb, angrily. "There! I shall get out of this," and snatching his hat from the peg on which it hung, before anyone could say a word to prevent him, he was gone, slamming the door after him.

"Dear me! I'm greatly afraid he's off to the 'Lion,'" said the father, with some anxiety. "You shouldn't have got in your brother's way, Reuben, nor have spoken as you did."

"Ebb shouldn't be so touchy, then," replied Reuben; "and I'm sure my foot aches enough."

"You'll go to bed now," said the mother, "all of you. There's never an evening passes but some unpleasantness crops up."

Altogether it was a very unhappy evening; but it was only a sample of many evenings before, and many after.

Mrs. Norton, to do her justice, was a careful, energetic mother, and, people said, a good manager, who, as she had averred, sought to do her duty by her children as far as she could see it; and no family around in the same station in life dressed better or seemed better cared for than hers.

But she was apt to forget that "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," and while her home was a model of cleanliness and neatness, she did not recognise that there were other needs than these. She had no sympathy with, and could not understand, the intellectual pursuits which the spread of education had, to bright, young minds, rendered so desirable, and, as we have seen, deemed the money spent on them as so much waste; and, therefore, as Clement had lamented, the magazines and periodicals which brightened and helped make happy other homes, had no place in theirs.

But her parlour was Mrs. Norton's strong (or shall we not rather say her weak?) point; and, indeed, nicely furnished and nicely kept as it was, bearing the marks of careful labour and ornamented by various nick-nacks and pretty things—some of them heirlooms, and others which she had collected during her twenty-three years of married life—it did do her credit; and when the ladies from the Hall or Vicarage called upon her, they had often praised it, and her, for her good management, as did also the friends and relatives who occasionally came on a visit, or to have tea. Some of them, too, would openly wonder how she could keep everything so nice, when she had a family of little ones. But then Mrs. Norton's little ones, or big ones either, as we have seen, were not privileged to enter the front room, except on special occasions. So, in spite of there being several pairs of little restless feet, the print of boots, and the marks of grimy little fingers were not often visible on the carpet or furniture, a fact on which the mother was wont to pride herself.

But then there was also another view of the matter; a view which had, perhaps, never entered Mrs. Norton's mind; for that parlour—though so pretty and proper—was brightened by no pleasant evening gatherings. It scarcely ever rang with merry laughter from young voices; it had no tender associations, such as many older and less cared for rooms held; it would not live in the memory as a charmed and hallowed room—a spot beautified by affection and happy intercourse, the centre of loving hearts. Ah, well would it have been for Mrs. Norton and her family had it thus been found, even if the carpet had been less faultless, and the grate less brilliant in its polish.

(To be continued.)

CHANGING HOUSES.

BY ELLA BINCKES.

Under the most favourable auspices, changing one's house is necessarily fraught with a good deal of discomfort and inconvenience. However, if the move has to be made, you must face it with the best grace you can. And, after all, there is a certain pleasurable excitement inseparable from the fact of changing one's dwelling.

You will save a world of after trouble if, as soon as you have secured the new house, you ascertain the exact dimensions of every room in it, and make a memorandum of the same. No doubt you think you have taken it all in with the first inspection, but, unless you have had great experience in this sort of work, the eye is very apt to be deceived, as you may find when it is too late. Consequently I found it much the best to make a small rough plan of each room, thus—

but of course on a larger scale. Then note down beneath: Total length, 16 ft.; total width, 14 ft.; width of window, 10 ft.; depth (if a bay), 3 ft.; length from wall to chimney-piece, right-hand, 6 ft.; from chimney-piece to wall, left-hand, 4 ft.; width of door, including casement, 4 ft.; and so on.

This is only a specimen, but you can see at a glance the relative positions of door, window, and fire-place. And with the plan and the measurements before you, you can arrange beforehand for the disposal of the large pieces of furniture

with tolerable exactitude. Drawing a plan of a house is not nearly so formidable as one might suppose. For in all town houses the rooms on the second and third stories are sure to correspond, and very often those on the first and second stories also, so that you will be saved a good deal of repetition. With regard to the kitchen regions, a general description will suffice. For the kitchen itself is sure to be provided with a dresser and cupboards, and very little else in the way of furniture will be needed. But it is in the sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, more especially, and when you are changing into a smaller house, and are uncertain what furniture to keep and what to part with, that you discover the full benefit of this plan.

Possibly you may have to leave, so to speak, at a moment's notice; but if you can command the time it is better to begin preparations several weeks beforehand. For the longer you have lived in a house the greater will be the accumulations, and there ought to be a thorough investigation of every drawer, cupboard, wardrobe, and receptacle of every description throughout the house. The way in which odds and ends of all sorts accumulate, and that in spite of a yearly turn out, is something extraordinary. If you have been any length of time in your house you are sure to find an auction the best mode of disposing of remnants of all sorts. But where you are not leaving enough household effects to make it worth while to have an auction on the premises, you can send such things as you wish to part with to an auctioneer's room at the nearest town, and get him to put them up to auction at the next sale.

Any hospital will welcome old linen and calico. Old toys, in tolerably good preservation, may be given away to the workhouse children; old clothes may be parted with to one's poorer neighbours, and old books and odd numbers of periodicals may find a destination in the humbler homes around one, or be sent to one of the many charitable institutions which are constantly asking for them.

Where money is an object, it is decidedly the cheapest plan to get a clever carpenter to come for three or four days to pack the furniture, and in like manner someone who understands it to pack the glass and china, and then have the freights transferred to one of the railway company's drays and carried by rail to their destination. But of course the quickest way, and the one that involves the least trouble, is to employ a household remover, who will take all the responsibility off your shoulders. And now-a-days there are so many in every town that you can generally arrange with some one to do it on your own terms. The usual charge is so much per van, taking into account the distance. Transit by road always tells heavily in the bill, whereas twenty or thirty miles more or less by rail make little or no difference.

In any case, I strongly advise the mistress to pack any mended china ornaments herself in a separate box, and unpack it afterwards at her leisure. Then if the china has come to pieces again during the journey, she can at least secure all the pieces. Also, in the dining and drawing-rooms, if she has the time to spare, it is quite worth her while to put all the small nick-nacks, not fragile, carefully away in cabinet and sideboard drawers.

Dust-covers are invaluable in a removal, for linen chests weigh so heavily that the packers prefer to fill them with light articles of clothing, while they wrap up the linen in old sheets and dust-covers. In like manner mattresses, feather beds, and blankets are rolled up into bundles, and unless mattresses are enveloped in loose covers they will be decidedly the worse for the move, for vans are not the cleanest places, nor are the floors over which they are mercilessly dragged. Old mackintoshes and waterproofs will also preserve the mattresses and bed-linen from being soiled by the rain, should the day of departure or arrival happen to be wet.

But the greatest help of all is to label all the heavy pieces of furniture with the names of the different rooms to which they severally belong, Dining-room, Drawing-room, etc. Bedrooms are best designated by numbers. Thus, supposing the dining and drawing-rooms in the new house are on the ground floor, the two front bedrooms on the next floor should be called room 1, second story, room 2, second story, and so on. Corresponding tickets must be pinned on the outside lintels of the respective rooms. By adopting this method, the saving of confusion, time, and trouble, both to the remover and the person who is directing him, is immense.

Before any of the packing is begun, carpets should be taken up and well shaken; and the first van-load should include a dustpan and brush, duster, basin, ewer, and towel, to avoid the inconvenience of standing about all day in an empty house in want of these simple necessaries. If possible, some members of the family should superintend the departure of the furniture, and also its arrival at the new house. Gas and water pipes should be tested, the drainage attended to, the new house thoroughly scrubbed from top to bottom, and any necessary papering, painting, or varnishing done before the furniture is unloaded.

In removing, one is always wise after the event. So I hope these remarks may be of service to some who are going through the ordeal for the first time, and also to others who, though not inexperienced, yet believe in the old adage, Live and Learn!

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

The May of the poets, as has often been remarked, is not always the most comfortable of months. It is usually a season of east winds, when Mother Earth looks her greenest, and every one wants to look bright, and yet is hindered by the imperative need for warmth. Under these circumstances the pretty grey flannels and flannelettes that are so cheap and quiet looking do ample duty; and the modern mode of making them is with plain full skirts, and full or crossover bodices, such as were worn by our grandmothers. A flannelette dress should always be made with a foundation of alpaca, or of the coloured holland made on purpose in many colours by an Irish firm (Richardson, Son, and Owden), which washes if necessary, and keeps firm, and does not cling to the petticoats. This foundation should have a tuck in it, which when let down will make an addition of quite three inches to the length, and it should have a foot kilt mounted on a plain piece of flannelette all the way round. The loose portion of the skirt that hangs over (we no longer call it drapery) should also have a deep hem, and the width of the material used lengthways is such as to allow it for all women who are not giantesses. The reason for this is that flannelette if once exposed to rain, or even to a damp atmosphere, or when washed, shrinks terribly, and a great deal of needless trouble is caused

unless the foundation skirt can be made longer, and the full widths lengthened by taking out the hem, and making it half the width, or perhaps reducing it to a "false" one by laying a piece of lining or other material under and hemming it down. The time to do this is before the dress is washed, and when that operation is accomplished the owner will much improve her garment if she stitches it three or five times round by sewing machine in a colour that matches or contrasts. Either way it will be perfectly neat. The best way of allowing for the bodice is to stitch the seams on the shoulders just half the width before washing, lengthen the neck band, and, if possible, treat the seams between the arms and waist in the same manner; but as this cannot always be managed a double box-pleat of thin silk arranged down the middle from neck to waist will hide any shifting of hooks that may be made in the fastening. Flannelette dresses for this very reason should not be made to fasten with buttons and button-holes, which are very neat, nice, and satisfactory for garments not intended to be washed.

Coloured straw hats, especially brown and black, are very much in favour, and there has been a great reaction of fashion that has kept black lace hats well to the front all through the late winter and spring months. They are not only neat and becoming but economical, because a shady black hat can be worn with any dress, and really lasts a long time. The way to make one is to get a shape that has few or no quips and cranks about it, and instead of being buckram it must be of net and wire, what is called a French shape. Quite two thicknesses of tulle must be tacked over every part, and the brim neatly bound with a crossway piece of velvet or satin. The crown should have two or more pieces of lace laid across it, and this lace should be wide enough to cover the brim, just coming to the edge of the binding and drawn up with a thread to bring it to the size of the crown. A ruche of black lace or a piece of satin ribbon put round and finished off with a few bows will complete a neat, useful hat, of which the outside cost need not be more than 6s.

But millinery is not dressmaking, though it is a branch of the same work, as is also mantua making, by which old

phrase the art of concocting mantles used to be designated, though it is questionable whether any Board-school child knows what a "mantua maker's seam" is. The most useful mantles of the day are the cloth tippets that have so many fine names, but are nevertheless tippets or shoulder capes, and neither more nor less. They are often made in two, that is, a second cape a little smaller than the outer one is laid on the top, and both are set together into the band or upright collar. The edges of the cloth are pinked and no further trimming is needed. They fasten at the neck and have one button or hook about two inches below it, and a bow and ends of satin ribbon are sewn on the band or collar at the throat. The new collars, which stand upright, and are high at the back but slope off to nothing in front, protect the neck and throat from cold winds very effectually.

Our illustrations show some very nice blouses which are useful to wear with dark skirts by way of change from the regulation bodice which may, perhaps, be on the verge of wearing out. The first is made with a vest of tucks, which is best managed by running slanting tucks in two pieces of print or cambric and then joining them in the middle. The cuffs must be made in the same way, or exactly the same effect could be produced by using striped cotton for vest and cuffs, and a self-coloured or small-patterned one for the rest of the blouse. The second blouse is made with little tucks from the shoulder and neck, fastened off, and then left loose to form the fulness as described last month. This has been very successfully done by the Donegal workers, and they apply the principle to underlinen, such as the fronts of nightgowns and the necks of chemises. It also looks very nice for the tops of sleeves, and again to narrow them in towards the wrists. There is also a new kind of accordion pleating that looks very much like gauffering; it is only applicable to woollen or silk, and it has the merit of never getting out of place or out of its folds.

Patterns of either of these blouses may be had by enclosing 9½d. in stamps to M. L., at the office of THE MOTHERS' COMPANION.